

Memorial Services

at

Jeffersonville, Ind.

May 26, 1887

for

President James A. Garfield

Memorial Services

at

Jeffersonville, Ind.

Sept 26, 1881

for

President James A. Garfield

INDIANA
92
GARFIELD

16960
INDIANA ROOM
92 GARFIELD
Memorial services in honor of
M 152986 09/21/90
New Albany-Floyd Co. Library 07 of

also on microfilm -
"Historical volumes 4th"

INDIANA
COLLECTION

New Albany Public Library
New Albany, Ind.

**DOES NOT
CIRCULATE**

NEW ALBANY-FLOYD COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 3110 00231 7715

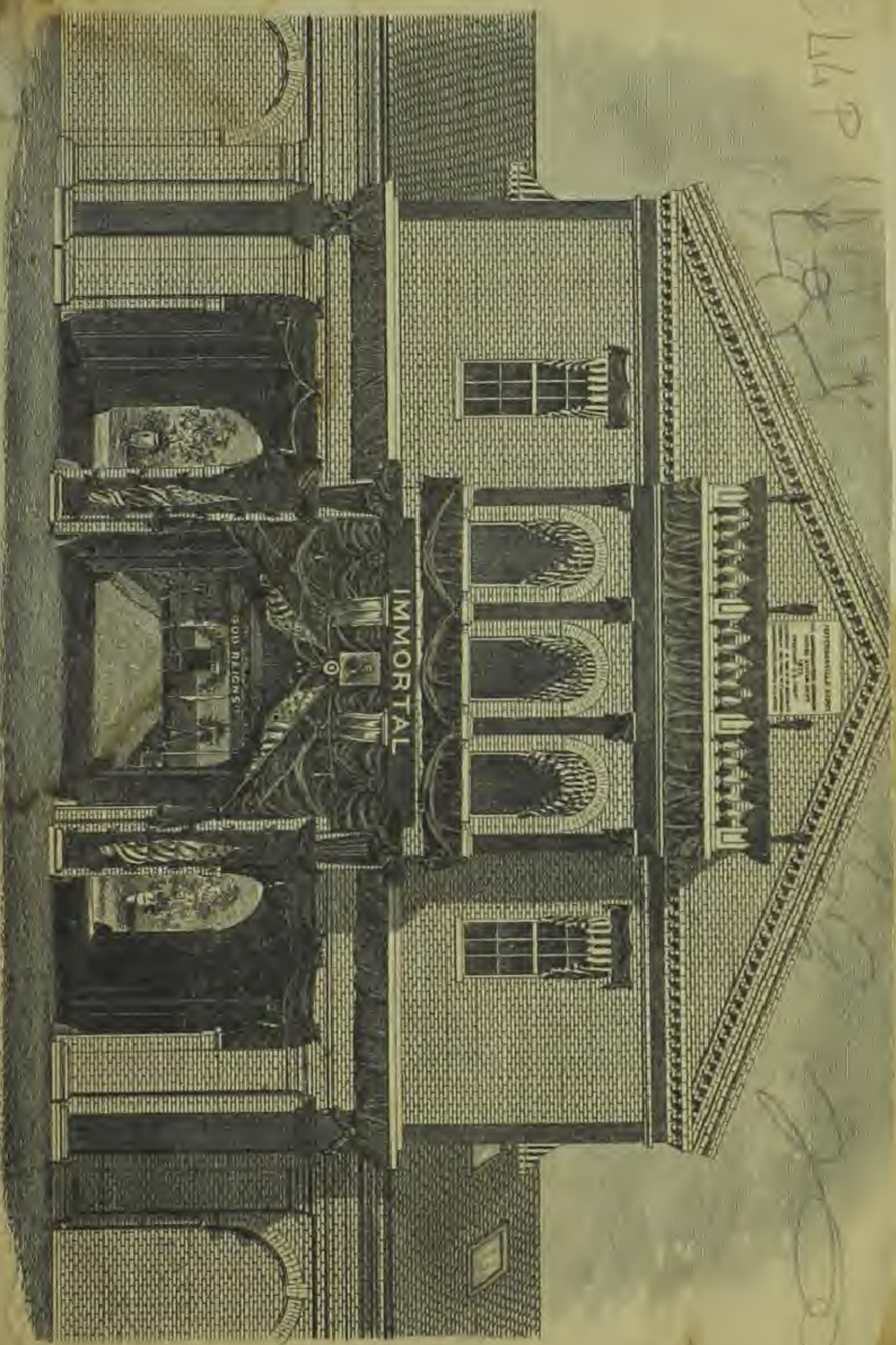


H B L 6 P

1887

1887

1887



ENTRANCE TO THE
JEFFERSONVILLE DEPOT OF THE QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT.
September 26th 1887.



J A Gayfield

In Memoriam.

The memorial services at Jeffersonville, Indiana, on the day of the funeral of JAMES A. GARFIELD, President of the United States, were so noble and impressive that they have deserved and received more than passing notice even in the history of a day when every part of our country did honor to human nature and American patriotism.

The funeral procession and services at Jeffersonville, beyond doubt, presented the most remarkable scene and event in the city's history. The great funeral procession formed in spite of threatening weather and marched undaunted through a heavy rain, and the great meeting assembled, and remained standing for hours attentive to the prayers and addresses spoken as well as listened to in the rain.

There have been so many requests for the record of the proceedings and the addresses that it has been considered best to print this little volume. Care has been taken to make it complete and accurate, especially in the report of the meeting.

But no one can attempt to express the spirit of the people on that day. Every house was draped in mourning. It seemed that everybody in all the city had come out to join in the neighborhood manifestation of sympathy and grief. No event in history has made so profound an impression on any people, except the

death and funeral of Abraham Lincoln, and the consciousness that the whole nation united in this demonstration, as one people, gave it a breadth and power, equaled, in some respects, only by that in honor of the first martyr President.

It was a day of worship and prayer, and of a noble tribute of the gratitude of our Republic to the dead statesman, the chosen leader of the land, our President, who was "ours"—to all of us, ours by a life which in its course was emblematic of the best hopes of American manhood; ours in his manly devotion of his great powers to his country. We were proud of our President whose nature was sweet and strong enough to preserve and keep safe, even in the seat of power, his childhood's love and reverence for his venerable mother, his young manhood's thoughtful tenderness for his wife, and the spirit of his boyhood for his children. In his life we read the story of one who had been faithful over a few things and was made ruler over many. We have a right to be proud of a country in which a great national sorrow found so many tender hearts.

THE GOVERNMENT DEPOT.

At Jeffersonville is the great Army Depot of Quartermaster's Supplies in charge of General James A. Ekin, Deputy Quartermaster General U. S. A., assisted by Captain Addison Barrett, Military Storekeeper, and here, as at all army posts, official observance of the funeral day was to be had in accordance with the General Orders of the War Department. The interest of the people in the observance of the day was so earnest that the official ceremonies extended into a great popular demonstration, earnestly participated in by all the people.

The preparations at the depot were very extensive. The sallyport was heavily draped in a very beautiful design. In the court or cortile, which the immense quadrangular building encloses, a great platform for the speakers and invited guests was erected, above which in large letters were the words "God Reigns."

THE PROCESSION.

There was a total suspension of business. The great factories and workshops were silent. At noon not less than 15,000 people had gathered in the city to take part in the exercises, when suddenly the rain which had been threatening all day, came down in torrents, but thousands took their places in the line and marched out through the rain and mud, nearly a mile, to the depot. The procession was more than a mile in length, and was in the following order:

The Ohio Falls Brass Band.
The employes of the Ohio Falls Car Company,
nearly two thousand men.
Its officers, led by Mr. Joseph W. Sprague, President.
Colored Odd Fellows and Masons.
A. L. of H. Lodge.
Port Fulton Brass Band.
Mayor Warder and City Council in Carriages.
E. W. McKenna, Superintendent, and other officers of J. M. & I.
Railroad, in Carriages.
Hope, Myrtle and Sampson Lodges, K. of P.
Teachers of Public Schools.

Catholic Knights of St. George, German.
 Lodges of A. O. U. W.
 Catholic Knights of America.
 St. Augustine's Catholic Benevolent Society.
 Jefferson Lodge, I. O. O. F.
 St. George's German Catholic Society.
 Catholic School Children.
 Citizens in Carriages.
 Citizens on Foot.

When the head of the procession arrived at the depot, it was received by General Ekin and Captain Barrett and marched around the cortile and up to the rostrum where, in spite of the rain, fully 5,000 people were assembled.

THE AUDIENCE.

As an addition to the record of this occasion, an attempt has been made to give the names of the officers and leaders of the organizations, which took part in the demonstration, and of many of the citizens present. It is so far from complete that the attempt was very nearly relinquished. The immense throng, densely packed, and the heavy rain, made it impossible to get about to see who were present, and the list is made from memory, and from the information which it has been practicable to get, nearly a month after the services.

CITY OF JEFFERSONVILLE, INDIANA.

HON. LUTHER F. WARDER, *Mayor*.
 JAMES S. WHICHER, *Treasurer*. J. W. THOMSON, *Clerk*.

COUNCILMEN.

W. A. C. OAKES,	} <i>First Ward.</i>	FLOYD PARKS,	} <i>Second Ward.</i>
ALEXANDER YOUNG,		FRANK X. KERN.	
J. C. DORSEY,	} <i>Third Ward.</i>	ADOLPH FRANK,	} <i>Fourth Ward.</i>
JOHN S. McCAULEY,		JACOB SCHWANINGER,	
	} <i>Fifth Ward.</i>	JOHN WARE,	
		WILLIAM POLLOCK,	

CLARK COUNTY.

HON. CHARLES P. FERGUSON, *Judge of Circuit Court*.
 SAMUEL C. TAGGERT, *County Clerk*. JAMES W. DAVIS, *Sheriff*.
 ELAM B. GUERNSEY, *Auditor*. HENRY H. FERGUSON, *Treasurer*.
 EVAN SPEEBY, *Recorder*.

OHIO FALLS CAR COMPANY.

JOSEPH SPRAGUE, *President*
 R. M. HARTWELL, *Secretary and Treasurer*
 R. RAMSEY, F. B. TIFFETT,
 F. H. DUESLER, M. CONNELLY.

J. M. & I. R. R. COMPANY.

E. W. McKENNA, *Superintendent*.
 J. H. McCAMPBELL, *Treasurer*. ROBERT W. GEIGER, *General Freight Agent*.
 WILLIAM SWANSTON, *Master Mechanic*. ED. A. AUSTIN, *Car Builder*.

STATE'S PRISON—SOUTH.

A. J. HOWARD, Esq., *Warden*.
 COL. THOMAS SHEA, }
 P. L. D. MITCHELL, } *Directors*.
 JOHN W. ZINI, }
 JOHN CRAIG, *Deputy Warden*. DR. W. T. SHERROD, *Surgeon*.
 WILLIAM F. BAGOT, *Clerk*.

POST OFFICE.

A. M. LUKE, *Post Master*. EUGENE S. MUIR, *Deputy Post Master*.

HOWARD'S SHIP YARD.

JOHN C. HOWARD, EDMOND J. HOWARD.

BARMORE'S SHIP YARD.

DAVID S. BARMORE. EDWARD BARMORE.

JEFFERSONVILLE PLATE GLASS WORKS.

S. GOLDBACH, *President*.
 JOHN L. READ, *Vice-President*. HARRY T. SAGE, *Secretary and Treasurer*.

CITY SCHOOLS OF JEFFERSONVILLE.

O. O. STEALEY, *President*,
 JOHN N. INGRAM, *Treasurer*, } *City School Board*.
 GEORGE PEAU, *Secretary*, }
 PROFESSOR D. S. KELLY, *Superintendent*.

CHESTNUT STREET SCHOOL.

Professor R. L. Butler, Prof. E. S. Hopkins, Prof. Paul Mosemiller, Misses
 Clara J. Loomis, P. H. McCauley, Belle Tombs, Emma E. Carter, Lou Lawes,
 Alice Pollock, Lora James, Cara Starke, Mrs. Florence Barker.

ROSE HILL SCHOOL.

Professor Willis B. Goodwin, Prof. George Nashtoll, Misses L. C. Simpson,
 Anna Hobbs, Iola Cameron, Little Ingram, Katie Wilson, Hallie Ewing, Bettie
 Colvin, Mrs. Emma Cole.

MAPLE STREET SCHOOL.

Miss F. E. Addison, Miss Clara Board.

ENGINE HOUSE SCHOOL.

Miss Lizzie Hertzsch.

COLORED SCHOOL.

Professor Joseph H. Ballard, J. E. Porter, T. L. Jordan and Miss Bettie Frazier.

CITIZENS OF JEFFERSONVILLE.

Hon. Jonas Howard, Hon. S. S. Johnson, Hon. J. K. Marsh, Doctors W. N.
 McCoy, W. B. Sheets, W. D. Fouts, D. McClure, N. Fields, D. Fields, S. C. Mc-
 Clure, L. W. Beckwith; Messrs. John Adams, W. H. Fogg, E. Hawley, F. W.
 Poindexter, H. Preefer, C. H. Kelly, Thomas Sparks, Nathan Sparks, Ira Dorsey.

Eugene Dorsey, A. O. Schuler, James G. Caldwell, N. E. Heinsheimer, Charles Joseph, W. H. Lawrence, Warren Horr, Plez. James, A. H. Birnbaum, George Howard, A. A. Schwartz, C. W. Prather, Joseph Gurnsey, M. H. McCann, W. S. Jacob, Rolla Holmes, Geo. W. Lewman, J. C. Lewman, Peter Myers, John Johnson, M. G. Manis, James Burke, Ezra Prather, Henry Nagle, C. C. Goodwin, James Keigwin, E. Keigwin.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Dr. and Mrs. D. W. Vandell, Hon. Henry Watterson and wife, Rev. B. B. Tyler, D. D., Rev. J. S. Detweiler, Rev. Mr. Campbell, Mrs. E. W. McKenna. Mr. and Mrs. Augustus E. Willson, Miss Annie F. Nold, Principal, and twenty-five young ladies of the Louisville Female Seminary.

THE PRESS.

Orlando O. Stealey, Esq., Courier-Journal; Edward J. Fitzpatrick, Courier-Journal; Floyd Tuley, Esq., Louisville Commercial; William T. Armstrong, Daily Evening Times; Reuben Dailey, Esq., Daily Evening News; Chas. I. Eccles, Louisville Evening Post.

THE GOVERNMENT DEPOT.

General James A. Ekin, Deputy Q. M. G., U. S. A.; Captain Addison Barrett, M. S. K., U. S. A.; J. Watts Judson, A. Montandon, Col. L. L. Moore, A. T. Hopkins, Major I. P. Smith, R. L. Woolsey, L. A. Mann, L. A. Allen, Dr. J. T. Cooper; Messrs. H. J. Wynne, W. B. Richardson, A. J. Updegraff, Thomas Meynell, J. P. Glossbrenner, John W. Timmonds, R. H. Timmonds, B. C. Watts, Thomas Krementz, John W. Kane, W. Wulff, T. E. Longdon, Messrs. Osterman, Lewis, Baldwin, Houston, Ryan, Capt. Myers, Judge Tompkins, W. H. Ougley, F. Cooley.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICES.

General Ekin presided over the meeting, and opened the services by referring briefly and earnestly to the solemn occasion and the services of the day. At the close of his remarks the band performed a dirge. This was followed by a hymn beautifully sung by the choir of one hundred select voices under direction of Prof. W. B. Richardson, of New Albany.

HYMN.

Great God ! to thee.
 Infinite being,
 Author of all
 In heav'n, earth and sea,
 Prostrate we fall,
 In homage before thee ;
 Receive our prayer,
 Receive our praises on high.
 Infinite beauty, pow'r and skill
 Shineth o'er all fair nature's face,
 Vividly glow the stars that fill
 The vaulted roof's extended space.
 Great is thy love, O Lord, to man,
 Safety and care is wholly thine ;
 Grant us thy grace with fervent voice
 To praise thy name in songs divine.

THE INVOCATION

was pronounced with great solemnity by Rev. Charles Hutchinson, D. D., of New Albany, Indiana, while the audience stood with uncovered heads.

Almighty and ever blessed Jehovah! From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God. Thine, oh Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty. We praise Thee; we adore Thee; we exalt Thee in the worship we render Thee this day.

A nation bows in grief before Thee! A nation buries to-day its honored and beloved President. Accept, we beseech Thee, the thanks of a grateful land for such a President. Thy favor is manifest in endowing Thy servant with an excelling nobility of character; and then in exalting him to that position where those virtues should shine forth in widest sphere and most winning, purifying power. We would bow in submission to Thy will in his removal. Thou art Sovereign amongst the Rulers of earth. Sanctify this trial to this people. We rejoice in the firm assurance that Thou art a prayer hearing God. With supreme desire for Thy glory and the highest welfare of the nation, Thy people have besought Thee for the life of the President. Thou answerest their supplication in that way which thine own unerring wisdom and foresight declare to be for richer blessing to us than even the continuing of his life. So may it prove, Oh Lord our God, to all our beloved land. Under the subduing power of this great sorrow may all hearts flow together; all asperities come to a perpetual end. Preside in the counsels of our nation. Sustain and guide in his arduous duties him who is now elevated to the Chief Magistracy of the nation. May all departments of our Government be administered in thy fear. We beseech thy loving favor upon that broken family circle; may thy presence in their darkened home be their exceeding comfort. Hear us in behalf of all who take part in the services of this memorable day. Let thy blessing come down upon these waiting thousands; yea, upon this great and wide land. For thine is the kingdom, and thine, O Lord, through Jesus Christ our Saviour, shall be the glory forever. Amen.

General Ekin then announced the hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee," as a favorite hymn of General GARFIELD, and the audience by request joined the choir in singing it.

HYMN.

Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven!
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

PRAYER

by Rev. E. T. Curnick, Pastor Centenary M. E. Church, New Albany, Indiana:

O Thou Almighty God, who sittest upon the circle of the heavens, clouds and darkness are Thy habitation. We bow to-day in complete unworthiness and weakness before Thee. We, who are Thy creatures would not dare to look in the face of the Creator—we the finite would not approach the Infinite, except through the mediation of our Lord Jesus Christ. Only God is great! All men are as nothing, and less than nothing before Thee. Thou holdest the issues of life and of death. Thou openest Thy hand, and giveth life and happiness to every creature, Thou hidest Thy face, they are troubled; Thou takest away their breath, and they die, and return to the dust whence they came. We mourn to-day a great man who has fallen in Israel. In this dark hour of our calamity we would get nearer, O God, to Thee. Bless the nation that is so greatly bereaved. Grant that from this baptism of blood and of suffering, we as a people may arise to a purer civilization, and to a holier type of Christianity. O God, as the rain descends upon the mown grass, and causes the physical world to burst forth into vitality and beauty, so may the showers of tears that to-day are falling in this nation refresh the moral soil and bring forth the fruits of righteousness in all our borders.

Let Thy blessing descend especially upon the stricken household of our deceased President. May the aged mother, as she stands upon the crumbling verge of the grave, be supported by Thy sustaining grace. Have mercy upon the bereaved widow. O God, help her to lean hard upon Thine Omnipotent arm. And may the children grow up to emulate the illustrious example of their father.

May Thy blessings descend upon the exercises of the hour; upon the speakers who shall address us, upon the singing, and the entire service. Help this nation to fulfill her great and high destiny in the world, and at last bring us as a people to enjoyment of everlasting life at Thy right hand; and to the Father, Son, and ever blessed Spirit shall be ascribed praise forevermore. Amen.

The choir followed with the

HYMN

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

THE MEMORIAL ADDRESS,

by Rev. B. B. Tyler, D. D., of the First Christian Church, Louisville:

The civilized world is to-day in mourning. A great man and a good has been taken from us. No man can explain this great loss to the satisfaction of the millions of loving souls that at this hour stand with uncovered heads and mute grief around the open grave of the man who occupied the most prominent position on earth.

I think that with one voice all men can say in the presence of the cruel death of President GARFIELD:

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

When Simon Peter refused to permit his divine Lord to wash His feet on the eve of the betrayal and death of the sinless one, Jesus said to him, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

So with regard to this event, we say: What it means we know not, but we shall know hereafter. It is my profound faith that in the clear light of the eternal day we will come to an understanding of these great mysteries.

Let us believe with him, whose untimely death we sincerely mourn, that God reigns; and with the great Apostle who was one of the religious teachers of our Christian President, that all these things work together for good to them that love God, and to those who are the called according to His gracious purpose. Resting in this faith, our grief will be in some small degree assuaged, and we shall be nerved for a faithful and courageous discharge of the daily duties of life.

— God does reign. The destiny of this broad and fair land is in His omnipotent hand. He has said: By Me Kings reign and Princes decree justice. By Me Princes rule, and nobles; even all the Judges of the earth. This Republic and all the nations on the face of the earth are in the hands of Jehovah, as the clay in the hands of the potter.

By his servant, Jeremiah, the Lord has said: "At what instant I shall speak concerning a nation, and concerning a kingdom, to build and to plant it. If it do evil in my sight that it obey not my voice, then I will repent of the good wherewith I said I would benefit them. At what instant I shall speak concerning a nation and concerning a kingdom, to pluck up and to pull down and to destroy it. If that nation against whom I have pronounced turn

from their evil, I will repent of the evil that I thought to do unto them."

As a nation we are in the hands of God, and if we do right our existence will continue and our prosperity is assured; but if we violate the eternal principles of truth and justice we shall be plucked up, pulled down and destroyed unless we speedily repent of our public and national sins. The way of salvation for the nation is the same, in general, as the way of salvation for the individual. President GARFIELD in the office of Chief Magistrate of the American Union was God's minister. St Paul teaches this plainly, I think, when he says: "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation."

"For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? Do that which is good and thou shalt have praise of the same. For he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid, for he beareth not the sword in vain; for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil."

This was said by a Christian man, who lived under the tyranny of Nero. With how much more of truth can it be said of a good man called by the willing suffrages of a free people to the head of the Government. JAMES A. GARFIELD in the Chair of State was God's minister, and the bullet of the assassin smote and destroyed the life of the man who was, for the time, the agent of the Most High in directing the affairs of the people. When you look at this cruel affair in this light, the enormity of the crime can not be placed before the human mind in words sufficiently strong—and the calamity to the nation it is utterly impossible to portray. The Hebrew law said: "Thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of the public."

And when it was suggested to David that Saul was in his power and the proper thing to do was to take his life, he exclaimed in horror: "Who can stretch forth his hand against the Lord's anointed and be guiltless? The Lord forbid that I should stretch forth mine hand against the Lord's anointed."

We need, it seems to me, some of this old Hebrew respect for those who are called to rule over us; and if the horror of the foul deed which brought to an untimely grave the most splendid specimen of American manhood will cause us in thought and word and way to return to the path, in this matter, indicated by the great Hebrew lawgiver, the sacrifice will not have been altogether in vain. God grant that such may be one of its effects.

I address the people to-day. There are before me hundreds of the honest sons of toil. I am glad that it is my mournful pleasure to address you to-day concerning one of your own number. JAMES A. GARFIELD was born in poverty, and with opportunities in the public service to amass tens of thousands, he died a poor man. In early life he learned what it was to turn the auger, to shove the saw, to wield the hammer, to push the plane. From the carpenter-shop, to the tow-path of the Erie canal, to the school-room, to the professor's chair, to the pulpit, to a seat in the Senate of Ohio, to a Colonel's position, to a Major General's station on the bloody field, to a seat in the council hall of the Republic, to a place in the Senate Chamber, and finally to the highest office within the gift of the American people, unsolicited, he was a working man. It was by earnest, honest, hard work that he made his way to a position beyond which there is no other on earth. He reached the summit of human ambition, when God said, "It is enough, come up higher and receive a crown among the immortal."

I am not surprised that the common people are touched, as never before, by his death. It is so strange that the two Presidents who have been killed by the bullet of the assassin were pre-eminently men of the people. ABRAHAM LINCOLN and JAMES A. GARFIELD were working men, and their elevation did not in the least destroy their interest in and their sympathy with the toiling masses of their fellow countrymen.

Who can doubt that if Mr. GARFIELD had been permitted to fill out the Presidential term, he would have gladly returned to his farm, still a poor man, to enjoy himself as an honest tiller of the soil? I have said that Mr. GARFIELD did not seek the office. I think that his almost frantic appeals in the Chicago Convention to the delegates not to vote for him, that he had not been placed in nomination, and that no one of them had a right to vote for him, were honest words. He meant just what he said. He did not want the nomination at that time. When he was starting to Washington to be inaugurated, he said to Mr. Rudolf, Mrs. Garfield's father, "I would ten thousand times rather retain my seat in the Senate."

In the elevation of JAMES A. GARFIELD to the Presidency of the United States there is a clear case of the office seeking the man, and not the man seeking the office. And so it was at every step in his political promotion. He was taken from the school-room in Hiram, Ohio, and given a seat in the Senate of the State. He felt on the breaking out of the civil war that duty required him to join the army, and he became a soldier. It was while he was away from home, in the field, that the people of the Nineteenth Congressional District in Ohio called him to a place in the council

of the nation. This position came unsought, and, so far as I can learn, unexpected. He did not know what to do. Among others he consulted Mr. Beecher as to his duty, and was told to go to Mr. Lincoln, and do whatever the President desired. In all of this the man seemed to be supremely desirous to do his duty as a citizen. If it was his duty to remain in the army he would continue the life of a soldier. If he saw that it was his duty to resign his position in the army and accept a seat in Congress he would do that. Mr. Lincoln was of the opinion that Mr. GARFIELD was needed in Congress more than in the army, and he entered the Congress of the United States. Once in Congress, he entered upon the discharge of his duties with the earnestness, the single-mindedness of an enthusiast. He gave himself to the study of the difficult questions, that came up for solution, like the ambitious and hopeful school-boy. He entered Congress to serve his country and he was determined to be a good and faithful servant. What his hand found to do he did with all his might.

JAMES A. GARFIELD was not an office-seeker nor a mere office holder, although in office continuously more than a score of years, but he was pre-eminently a servant of the people. He was one of the people. He knew the people, and was in full sympathy with them. No Congressional district has had a truer representative than had the famous Giddings district in the person of Mr. GARFIELD. He was in the most perfect accord with his constituents. He never forgot that in Congress he was a citizen, and he tried to do his duty as such. I call your especial attention to JAMES A. GARFIELD as a citizen, and I ask you to imitate him in your effort to be good and useful citizens of this most beneficent Government.

When you see in the life and character of our President, what our American institutions are capable of producing, don't you see that we ought to love our country ardently; that we ought to be proud of the fact that we are citizens of the United States of America and to strive with all our power to be good and useful citizens?

As I passed along Jefferson street in Louisville I saw a beautiful but very plain design, in the center of which were the words, *He being dead, yet speaketh*. The words touched my heart. As true of JAMES A. GARFIELD as of Abel, the first martyr of whom they were originally written. Mr. GARFIELD speaks most eloquently of what American institutions can do in the production of a symmetrical and noble manhood. He speaks of the possibilities here for the poor and the humble. He tells us that the road to success lies along the way of earnest, honest toil. He tells of the respect in which labor is held in our loved land. He indicates to aspiring young men the way from the carpenter's bench, the farm, the cabin, the tow-path and the school-room, to the Executive

Mansion. He being dead speaks to you and to me of our duty as citizens, and urges us to a faithful discharge of the same.

Much has been said of President GARFIELD as a religious man. I believe that he was a true Christian, that his sins were pardoned and that his soul rests in the Paradise of God. All this I most honestly and firmly believe. But Mr. GARFIELD was never so religious, probably, I would better say, never so mistakenly religious as to think he ought to neglect the duties of citizenship. Indeed, it seemed to be his religious understanding of religion that it is a part of the Christian to serve the State in any capacity in which the State needs his service. In this he was clearly right. In our country every man is a sovereign. We are all aspirants for the throne. We are all rulers. It has been an error of the pulpit to remain silent on the duties of Christian citizens. The ministry has hesitated to speak, fearing that somebody would think that the preachers were out of their sphere and meddling with politics. In one of the pastoral epistles, however, this very thing is enjoined on the ministers of the Lord Jesus.

An apostle said: "Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, to be ready to do every good work; to speak evil of no man, to be no brawlers, but gentle showing all meekness unto all men."

What if men do say we are meddling in politics when we speak to our people of the duties and privileges and glories of American citizenship? We are only obeying an Ambassador of the King of kings. But in urging the duty of citizenship I do not press upon you the duty of partisanship. This is a very different matter. A man can be a good and useful citizen of the Republic without being a partisan in the offensive sense. While the man whose life we study to-day was a leader of the dominant political party in our land, he was more and better than a partisan. Who doubts that while JAMES A. GARFIELD occupied the position that he did in his party, he loved his country and its institutions more than he loved any party, and that he desired to *serve* his country? It is this sentiment of devotion to one's country that I speak of now, and think that it ought to be impressed on the minds of the children in the school-room, and on the minds of men by the minister in the pulpit. There is nothing sectional nor partisan in this. In perfect harmony with my estimate of Mr. GARFIELD as a citizen was his course during the few weeks that he occupied the Presidential chair. It was, without doubt, his purpose to be the President of the entire country—the North, the South, the East and the West.

If you will recall the career of JAMES A. GARFIELD in the Congress of the United States you will remember that only the great, broad, living questions affecting the entire country aroused

his wonderful powers and brought him to the front in debate. He had no little personal or partisan quarrels with men in his own or the opposite party. He differed widely from the leaders of the opposite party on the proper things to be done, and sometimes on the manner of doing what he thought was for the good of the whole land, but it produced no breach of personal friendship. And he was not always in perfect accord with his own party. He differed from his own political brethren. He dared to do his own thinking and to speak the honest sentiments of his soul. But the men in both parties from whom he differed and with whom he was in controversy, saw in their antagonist more than the partisan; they saw in him the big-brained, generous-hearted, devoted friend of the country—the entire country. It is this trait in General GARFIELD's character that I ask you in the coming days to imitate.

You have an undying interest in the institutions of this fair land. Its prosperity is your success. Its failure is your defeat. The prosperity of Maine and Louisiana, of New York City and San Francisco, are alike to the good citizen. This is one country; from the lakes to the gulf and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This is a lesson I desire to impress on your minds now. If the land were full of men of this kind that I am attempting to describe, who doubts the beneficent effects? And if what was said a few minutes since about the building up and pulling down of governments, and the officer in the State being the minister of God, is true, then, to live this kind of a life, is to serve God. I do not say that this is all the service he requires, but I do affirm that this is a part, and an important part, of the service that the Lord requires of us.

The model citizen reads papers and books, and listens to instructive addresses on affairs of State, that he may intelligently discharge his duties. When the day of election arrives, he presents himself at the voting place to render, after mature deliberation, his judgment of what is best, and to record his preference for this or that man to fill this or that office. With what diligence our leader labored to qualify himself to serve his country in the places that he was called to fill! I hold him before you to-day as a model citizen. What a bright example we have! Let us study it well. Let us catch its spirit. Let our natures be permeated by its devotion to the welfare of the entire people. There is not a young man before me to-day who stands in a more lowly place than JAMES A. GARFIELD occupied a third of a century ago. You may never be Congressman, Senator or President, but you can make the Republic better because of your life as a citizen.

The many-sidedness of Mr. GARFIELD's character fills my mind with amazement. The orator can speak of him as a dutiful son, the ardent and hopeful student, the successful teacher, the

good preacher, the ripe scholar, the devoted husband, the fond father, the brave chieftain, the wise law-maker, the incorruptible patriot, the strong ruler, the humble Christian and the model citizen. If you catch the current of my thought in this discourse, I ask you to consider him as the model citizen. May he stand before you so grandly in this character that you will see him for the time only in this light. He became the model citizen by being the dutiful son, the ardent and hopeful student, the ripe scholar in the science of human government, the brave soldier and the humble Christian. When, therefore, I present JAMES A. GARFIELD as the model citizen, I present him in all of these phases of his symmetrical character. When I exhort you to imitate him in your citizenship, I ask you to imitate him in all of these things. After the death of Abraham Lincoln, General Garfield, in the Congress of the United States, delivered a short, but elegant and eloquent, eulogy on the life of the martyred President. Using the lines of Tennyson, he said that he was, indeed—

“As some divinely gifted man
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green;

“Who breaks his birth’s invidious bar
And grasps the skirts of happy chance
And breaks the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

“Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys
To mold a mighty State’s decrees
And shape the whisper of the throne;

“And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on fortune’s crowning slope
The pillar of a people’s hope,
The center of a world’s desire.”

What an accurate description of our President, JAMES A. GARFIELD. It was true of Abraham Lincoln, but just as true of the man who without any thought that they would be used to describe him, applied them so eloquently to honest and self-made Abraham Lincoln. Of whom has it ever been more true than of JAMES A. GARFIELD that

“Moving up from high to higher
Becomes on fortune’s crowning slope
The pillar of a people’s hope,
The center of a world’s desire?”

He stands on the loftiest point of the pinnacle of fame by his own effort, and the model citizen of the American Union. But we must turn from the mournful scene that has called us together.

I look for that manly form, but I see it not; I listen for the tone of that eloquent voice, but I hear it not. The form is gone and the voice is hushed, but JAMES A. GARFIELD in his deeds is not dead; can never die; and will speak to us and to the millions who will come after us of the duties, the possibilities and glories of American citizenship. The form on which men looked with delight was but the raiment that he used to wear; and the grave that soon will press on that cast-off dress is but his wardrobe locked. But he is not there! He lives! In our Christian faith we may see him standing on the mount of God, and on his angel brow, in letters of living light, the words: "Well done thou good and faithful servant." He lives! He lives in the gloryland, but he lives in the hearts of men. Let us reverently thank God for his grand, pure life, and for the lessons that it teaches."

Dr. Tyler's forcible and earnest address was attentively listened to by the large audience who stood with the white-haired minister in the rain which fell steadily until a moment before he closed

MEMORIAL ORATION

by Hon. Henry Watterson, of Kentucky:

To-day, for the first time in fifty, aye, in sixty years, the people of the United States are one with one another, and stand hand in hand and heart to heart, by the open grave of their murdered President. This vast assemblage, these paraphernalia of public lamentation, these muffled drums and mournful cadences of dead marches—your own sad faces and tearful eyes—are not the offerings of a locality, nor the offsprings of party feeling. They are universal. Everywhere throughout our dear land—and not alone where men are wont to congregate—everywhere—and not anywhere broken by geographic stops or sectional lines—everywhere, in the market places and the churches, in the great mansions of the rich and the humble cots and cabins of the poor, from the rock-ribbed ridges where the sumach and the maple twine their boughs in pious benediction over the bended head of New England to the rice-farms and cotton-fields of the kneeling South, where the live-oak stands as a guard of honor and the magnolia sends its fragrance up to God—everywhere, and with all classes, all sects, all conditions, all ages, but one sight is to be seen this day, but one sound is to be heard—the solemn march, the solemn music, which bears to their last eternal home the mortal remains of JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Nor is this grievous spectacle of grief the product of our country only and confined within her borders and to her people. The stranger arriving on our shores to-day would not need to ask, with *Hamlet*:

“—Who is it that they follow,
And with such maimed rites?”

Across the seas, as if borne by the magnetic tides that in electric currents ebb and flow beneath the waves, the sorrow of America has thrilled the heart of Europe; nor yet there alone among crowned heads, uncertain of their crowns, and courts, unknowing when their turn may come, since murder strikes so close and indiscriminate; but high among the crags where the free Switzer sings of liberty, and in the storied groves and sweet meadows of Old England, where bells that rang for Hampton and the Iron Duke, for Wordsworth, the gentle poet, and Albert, the good Prince, are ringing into Anglo-Saxon song and legend the name of JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Why, why is all this? I answer, because he was a man, and every inch a man, who stood as the representative of manhood and the State.

"What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement nor labored mound,
Thick wall and moated gate,
* * * * *
No; men, high-minded men,
With powers so far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain."

The blow that struck down GARFIELD, struck at the State, and though it missed the State, it hit the man, and, through him, touched the manhood and the womanhood, yea, and the childhood, of our time; and, so, we are come to do honor to his memory, to take comfort one from another in our sorrow, on this, as it were, his last day upon earth, our hero and our martyr—who went down because he was clad with our sovereignty—our Peasant Chieftain—whose glory America gives to the world!

I knew him well. I knew him and I know now that I loved him. He was a man of an ample soul, with the strength of a giant, the courage of a lion, and the heart of a dove. Never lived a man who yearned more for the approval of his fellow-men, who felt their anger more. Never lived a man who struggled harder to realize Paul's ideal, and to be "all things to all men." Nor did ever the character sketched by Paul find a nobler example, for he was "blameless, vigilant, sober, of good behavior, apt to teach, not given to filthy lucre." No one without the little family circle of relatives and friends in which he lived will ever know how a certain dismal, though in truth trivial, episode in his career cut him to the soul. Born a poor man's son, to live and die a poor man, with opportunities unbounded for public pillage, with licensed robbery going on all about him—and he, pinched for the bare means to maintain himself, his wife and his little ones with decency and comfort—to be held up to the scorn of men as one not honest. He is gone now, and, before he went, he had outlived the wounds, which party friends, alike with party foes, had sought to put upon his honor; and, mayhap, to day, somewhere among the stars, he looks down upon the world, and sees at last how false, how sordid, how selfish and unreal were the assaults of those in whose way he stood. It is a pleasure to me to reflect, amid these gloomy scenes, that some friendly words of mine gratified him at a moment when he suffered most. Not in the last campaign, for it would have been a crime in me to have hesitated then. But away back, when no vis-

ion of the Presidency had crossed the disc of his ambition, and when the cruelest blows were struck from behind. It is also a pleasure to me to remember the last time I saw him. It was an all-night session of the House, when, in company with Joseph Hawley, of Connecticut, Randall Gibson, of Louisiana, and Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, we took possession of the committee-room of Proctor Knott, who joined us later, and buried all bickerings and jars in happy forgetfulness of section and party, and in joyous return to nature, and the contemplation—

“—Of poesy and philosophy,
Arts which I love, for they, my friend, were thine.”

I do well remember how buoyant he was that night in spirit, and how robust in thought; how full of suggestion, quick in repartee, unaffected and genial ever; how delighted to lay aside the statesman and the partisan and be a boy again; and how loth he was, with the rest, to recross the narrow confines which separate the real and ideal, and to descend into the hot abyss below. I could not have gone thence to blacken that man's character, any more than do another deed of shame; and, Republican though he was, and party chief, he had no truer friends than the brilliant Virginian, whom he loved like a brother, and the eminent Louisianian, whose counsels he habitually sought. I refer to an incident, unimportant in itself, to illustrate a character, which, unfolded to the knowledge of the world through affliction and death, has awakened the admiration and love of mankind.

All know now that he was a man of spotless integrity; who might have been rich by a single deflection, but who died poor; who broadened and rose in height with each rise in fortune; who was not less a scholar because he had wanted early advantages; and who, not yet fifty, leaves as a priceless heritage to his countrymen, the example of how God-given virtues of the head and heart may be employed to the glory of God and the uses of men by one who makes all things subordinate to the development of the good within him. I do not mean to be panegyrical. I mean to be just, for I would draw from this dire experience its true lesson, as that relates to our private no less than our public life.

On all these points we think together. There are not two opinions. We stand upon common ground. We shall separate and go hence, and each shall take his way. Interests shall clash, beliefs shall jar, party spirit shall lift its horrid head and interpose to chill and cloud our better natures. That is but a condition of our being. We are mortal and we live in a free land. Out of discussion and dissension, ends are shapen, we rough-hewing. In spite of us, however, occasions come which remind us that we

have a country and are countrymen; which tell us we are a people bound together by many kindred ties. No matter for our quarrels. They will pass away. No matter for our mistakes. They shall be mended. But yesterday we were at war one with the other. The war is over. But yesterday we were arrayed in angry party conflict. Behold how its passions sleep in the grave with GARFIELD.

I am here to-day to talk to you of him, and through him, and in his memory and honor, to talk of our country. He was its Chief Magistrate, our President, representative of things common to us all, stricken down in the fullness of life and hope by wanton and aimless assassination. He fell like a martyr; he suffered like a hero; he died like a saint. Be his grave for ever and aye a trysting place for the people, and from the sods that burst thereon to let the violets through, spring flowers of peace and love for all the people. Citizens, the flag which waves over us was his flag, and it is our flag. Soldiers, standing beneath that flag, and in this armed fortalice of the Republic, I salute your flag and his flag reverently. I thank God, and I shall teach my children to thank God, that it did not go down amid the fragments of a divided country, but that it floats to-day, though at half-mast, as a symbol of union and liberty, assuring and reassuring us that, though the heart that conceived the words be cold, and the lips that uttered them be dumb, "God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives."

The rain was over when Mr. Watterson began, and his eloquent, patriotic, and beautiful oration was listened to with intense pleasure by the great audience which frequently burst into applause, and more than once was moved to tears.

Rev. J. S. Detweiler, of the First English Luthern Church, of Louisville, Ky., then offered prayer:

Our Father in Heaven we come to Thee bowed down with grief. We are sad because a great and good man has gone from us. Though saddened by his death we rejoice in his life. Thou art the giver of every good and perfect gift, and we thank Thee thou didst give to the American people a gift so good as JAMES A. GARFIELD. We thank Thee for his filial devotion, and for his happy domestic life. We thank Thee for his industry in boyhood, and his manly toil in later years. We thank Thee for his diligence in study, for his bravery in war, for his wisdom in council, for his judgment in government.

To-day we with the rest of this sorrowing nation gather around his bier to weep with those who weep. We pray for those who are moved more deeply by this affliction than any of us here can be touched. God bless the aged mother, herself tottering upon the edge of the grave. May Thy choicest blessings of comfort and consolation be with the true wife faithful unto death. Help the children to be hopeful now, and use-

ful in the future as their father was in the past. Look upon the wider circle of bereaved relatives and friends and wipe the tears from their eyes. May all that mourn be cheered by the great hope that gilds the future of those "Asleep in Jesus." We also pray for the living—our new President. O God do thou endow him with the skill, judgment, and wisdom with which thou didst so richly bless his predecessor. May his administration carry out as far as possible the policy inaugurated by our late lamented Chief Magistrate. May he have the sincere and hearty co-operation of the whole nation. Let us all feel that the ship of State is in safe hands. May all our rulers learn a lesson from this sad event, and so control the affairs of State that when their end comes they may render their account with joy and not with grief. Make our land Immanuel's land. And at the end of all things may we be gathered home, safe in Heaven, where, with the good spirit lately passed from us, we shall worship Thee as the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, forever and ever. Amen.

HYMN BY THE CHOIR.

God of our salvation, hear us,
Bless, oh bless us, ere we go,
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow;
Saviour keep us, Saviour keep us,
Keep us safe from every foe.

Rev. J. M. Hutchinson, of the First Presbyterian Church, of Jeffersonville, then pronounced the Apostolic Benediction as follows:

"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you now and forevermore. Amen."

The services, closed with the Doxology, all present uniting in the singing at the request of the President of the meeting.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below.
Praise Him above, ye heavenly hosts,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

